

"VEX NOT THIS GHOST"

UPON the rack of this tough world I hear,
As when Cordelia's glories all dis sever—
"Never—never—never—never—never,—"
That wild moan of the dispossessèd Lear.
O world, vex not this ghost, yea, let it pass,
The Spirit of these songs. The fool hath mocked,
The fool our woe upon us hath unlocked
From where the soul holds to our lips the glass,
To see what breath of life. O fool, poor fool,
Well, we have laughed together, you and I.
O fond insulter, in the healing pool
Of your deep poignant raillery I lie.
Let us be grand again, my fool. The throne
Is gone; but see, the coronation stone!